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VOL. I.

Echoes of the Beautiful.

WOMEN OF WINE.

BY T. WARD.

An Epitaph to the President of the New England Society, who recommends the introduction of Women in place of Wine at entertainments.

Oh, weak and foolishly returned,
To substitute women for wine,
The glow of whose presence is warmer
Than sunlight fairs of the vine.

Deliver me, less fatal are juleps
Than women in whiskey shillies;
For there comes more venom from two lips
Than ever from grain was distilled.

Who hatters for beauty his whiskey,
The change will be certain to see;
For her eye shed a spirit more frisky
Than lurks in the "mountain dew."

All those eyes at each meeting so merry,
You'll find in our company changed;
And straighter more golden than cherry
Will fuddle as well the poor brain.

More tapering necks than the bottle's,
With mouths more bewilderingly crowned,
Will pour from their ravishing throats
A strain that a sage would confound.

If wine makes us brutes, love is able
To turn us to angels in a moment;
If the one lays us under the table,
The other brings us to at least to our knees.

Still at table some mischief she's brewing;
Her feet scrape acquaintance below;
Ah! no heel-taps so pregnant with rain,
As those hidden taps of the toe.

And hands, between grapes at leisure,
Make friends when there's no one to mark;
Ah! how often yield grapes under pressure
Then fingers that squeezed in the dark.

As home reels the top of beauty,
How crimson his cheeks, poor elf!
How forced he drops down his eyes,
Left to take care of itself.

When thwarted, how pained his powers,
Till he stinks in the blood of his tears;
Oh! if woman were victim to lower,
Say, what can the bottle do more?

No spirit to seduce woman's—
No such is "delicious remedy,"
That makes him more than he can;
That makes him more than he can.

The glow of her eyes is "blue rain,"
Her black hair is the blood of the vine,
Her point is a wreath in whose hawing,
Tart, sugar and spirit combine.

So sparkling, so heating, so heady,
No hope for her victim appears;
Should he resist, she'll be "blue rain,"
He'll surely be drunk with her tears.

Not the grapes of Eden made Adam
But the lure of his voluble maid
Led him tippling on to his fall.

Not the wines of fair Cyprus ever,
So sure as the woman beguiles,
Better when she is "blue rain,"
Than steeper for so fatal a tale.

Oh! then, when such a temper as this,
Unconquerable to hazardous court,
Who makes her more than she can,
Will pierce the heart of the stoutest.

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which he had once taken for debt; and, although the deed, was consumed by fire, it had been previously recorded so, of course, he still retained possession. He and his daughters repaired to wait, in the hope that some clue might be obtained of the whereabouts of his son, and part of his money restored.

And now commenced a life which brought out the peculiar characteristic differences of the dispositions of the two young ladies in more distinct contrast. Laura devoted not only the care, but the discharge almost nearly all the household duties; for the beggar aristocrat could not now afford to keep a retinue of servants; and Emeline's pride still kept her above such plebeian condescension. Mr. Westlake, himself, disheartened by his ill-fortunes, had not the courage or logical permission to remain with them till morning—Miss Emeline at once objected, saying that there were others in the neighborhood better able to keep him than they were; but Laura joined him in his entreaties, and won her father's consent that he might remain for that night.

And well did the old soldier repay for his entertainment, by many a story of the field of battle. He was in the vigor of life, he said, when about three years before he had set out for Mexico, although then upwards of fifty; but a few years service had worn him out, and now he had come back a homeless wanderer, to die, perhaps, unknown among strangers. He was journeying toward New York, that great city of life and death, where he had formerly lived, and which was more like home to him than any other place.

"And have you no relative?" asked Laura.

"Not one living that I know. I had a son, a darling boy; but he left his home years ago, to seek his fortune, and I have never seen him since. I sometimes think I shall meet him yet."

"Have you no idea where he is?"

"Not the least. We lived in New York when he left for the west, about fifteen years ago."

"He may have returned to New York. Why have you not noticed him?"

"Why, he did not notice in some of the papers might catch his casual glance at some time, and be the means of a happy reunion?"

"A good idea, indeed," replied the soldier. "I had never thought of it before."

After a little more conversation, in which Mr. Westlake seldom and Miss Emeline at no time condescended to join, the veteran wanderer, who gave his name as Campbell, retired to rest.

The next morning at breakfast the old soldier did not appear, and Emeline ventured to assert her belief that he was nothing less than an old impostor who had made off in the night with some of her valuables; but a visit to his room by Mr. Westlake assured them of his presence, and also of the probability of his continuing under their roof for some time to come, as he had, during the night, become suddenly unwell, and was now rapidly sinking.

Miss Emeline grieved at the prospect, but as it seemed the decree of fate, she could not change the aspect of affairs a particle. And now the idea of advertising for him did not appear, and Emeline was seriously reconsidering, for if it should turn out that he possessed any fortune, it might relieve them of an expense which they could not well afford under their present circumstances. Accordingly an advertisement soon appeared in several of the N. Y. Dailies, and in a little less than two weeks thereafter, the writer had seen the advertisement, and though not in the most enviable pecuniary circumstances himself, he would visit them at an early day; and if the old gentleman should really prove to be his long lost and long sought father, he would do all that lay in his power to remunerate them for their kind attentions.

The advertisement was accordingly prevented his immediate engagement, but in two or three days at farthest he would be at their house.

"Humph," exclaimed Emeline, "another pauper coming here to take up his residence, we might as well make our house a poor-house at once. As for me, I am going to uncle Abington's until the vagabond has gone, and pray do not disturb me until you are rid of them."

Accordingly she took her departure, and in a few days the young Mr. Campbell arrived. There certainly was nothing of the pauper or vagabond about his appearance. A better dressed or more polished appearing young man was not among the list of their acquaintances. In his language as well as dress and appearance he showed his superiority; and in a short time the fact was established beyond a doubt that the old way-faring soldier was his father. Still he could not leave them as the old man was too unwell to think of removal yet.

In the course of conversation the former circumstances of Mr. Westlake were mentioned, and Mr. Campbell, junior, then recollected seeing him before and asked if he did not call to mind a certain day when he called at a law-office in New York for advice on a particular point. Mr. Westlake remembered it well.

"And I, sir, was the man on whom you called?"

"Oh! then, you are a New York lawyer."

"Yes, sir; and I can perhaps give you some information that will be valuable to you. I think you said you thought your son abstracted the money from the safe at the time your store and house were burned."

"I had no doubt of it, sir."

"And yet you were mistaken. The real robber has been apprehended, and a considerable amount of the money recovered."

"Is it possible?" gasped the joyful old man, and sinking down in his seat overcome with the too welcome intelligence, gave way to tears.

"There was an insurance, too," Mr. Campbell continued, as soon as Mr. Westlake expressed a little his feelings; "an insurance on the property that, burned which he could easily get; and if Mr. Westlake would permit him he would conduct the business professionally, and would consider it as a part discharging the debt of gratitude to the kindness towards his father, and his indefatigable efforts, as he was pleased to term it, in advertising for him, and restoring to him his dear old father."

Mr. Westlake did not hesitate a moment but with a childish confidence gave into his possession all the necessary papers which he had rescued from the flames, and all other necessary instructions for the recovery of his property.

It is fully to suppose that two young persons of the temperament and dispositions of the younger Mr. Campbell and Miss Laura Westlake should spend any length of time under the same roof in conversation as they often did, without forming an agreeable opinion of one another, to say the least; and when it was announced that Mr. Campbell was about to return to New York, to commence legal proceedings for the recovery of his father's property, the elder Mr. Campbell becoming now, in a measure, convalescent, there were many sorrowful as well as joyful feelings that shrouded the bosom of Laura. But why such unhappy feelings? Was he not far above them, now, in station? What folly then to entertain any other feeling than respect for him, who would never condescend to notice her except in a passing conversation.

But such was not the fact. Mr. Campbell had seen enough of Mr. Westlake to awaken a warmer feeling, than that of mere ephemeral regard, and when he again returned to their humble cottage to see his father, and to report legal progress, this feeling was easily changed to something of a more distinctive nature. Suffice it to say that he felt sufficient confidence in his knowledge of her character and disposition, from what he had seen of her to warrant him in soliciting her hand in marriage.

She received the offer with evident surprise, and hesitating to accept it—she did not. Two happy days passed, the edge of being loved by the one of all others, whom her heart had chosen, she yielded an assent, and arrangements were made for the coming event.

Now had Emeline lost anything by absenting herself, for so strongly marked were the peculiar unhappy dispositions of her character, that they would only have served to show her sister's loveliness in more brilliant contrast.

Time passed by and Mr. Westlake was once again re-instated in his business, though with only a portion of his former wealth; but himself, a much better and wiser man. He had learned the bitter lesson of experience, the lesson that poverty alone can teach, that gold should not be the only end and aim of life—that some moments of our brief existence should be devoted to other pursuits. He had learned to know the situation of his son, and to pardon him, even had he in the midst of great temptations taken away his treasures and burned his house; and when, one day, they were speaking about this absented son, his boy Albert, the elder Campbell started at the name, and asked if he had not a light complexion, a scar over the left eye, (by an accident when a boy, as it afterward appeared) and if he were not of a lively, almost reckless disposition. This was a true description of him.

"Then I know him. He was my comrade, and returned with me to Baltimore where he lived to work for daily wages."

This conversation took place before they had left the cottage; but now Mr. Westlake was in a stately residence in New York, and Mr. Campbell was living with his son Harry in Brooklyn.

A letter had been dispatched to Albert, and when, two months later, Mr. Harry Campbell, who was every day gaining new laurels in his profession, was to marry Miss Laura Westlake, the prodigal son and brother returned.

Albert was accompanied by his wife, a noble looking woman, who had supported herself by her needle while her husband was "off to the wars"; and a happier family (with the obstinate exception of Miss Emeline) you would seldom see in New York or any other city. It is still supposed that, although young Albert did not take the old gentleman's money, he nevertheless, thro' spite, set fire to his house; but as his father generously forgave him from the very bottom of his heart, and never mentioned the affair, we see no reason why we should not do the same thing. Do we?

It is said that a bachelor grows old faster than a married man, but that the latter's hair very often comes out soonest. What is the philosophy of this?

"Ah, you don't know what much of enthusiasm is!" said a music-mad miss to Tom Hood. "Excuse me, madam," replied the wit, "but I do. Musical enthusiasm is like turtle soup; for every quart of real there are ninety gallons of mock, and calves' head proportion."

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Time passed by and Mr. Westlake was once again re-instated in his business, though with only a portion of his former wealth; but himself, a much better and wiser man. He had learned the bitter lesson of experience, the lesson that poverty alone can teach, that gold should not be the only end and aim of life—that some moments of our brief existence should be devoted to other pursuits. He had learned to know the situation of his son, and to pardon him, even had he in the midst of great temptations taken away his treasures and burned his house; and when, one day, they were speaking about this absented son, his boy Albert, the elder Campbell started at the name, and asked if he had not a light complexion, a scar over the left eye, (by an accident when a boy, as it afterward appeared) and if he were not of a lively, almost reckless disposition. This was a true description of him.

"Then I know him. He was my comrade, and returned with me to Baltimore where he lived to work for daily wages."

This conversation took place before they had left the cottage; but now Mr. Westlake was in a stately residence in New York, and Mr. Campbell was living with his son Harry in Brooklyn.

A letter had been dispatched to Albert, and when, two months later, Mr. Harry Campbell, who was every day gaining new laurels in his profession, was to marry Miss Laura Westlake, the prodigal son and brother returned.

Albert was accompanied by his wife, a noble looking woman, who had supported herself by her needle while her husband was "off to the wars"; and a happier family (with the obstinate exception of Miss Emeline) you would seldom see in New York or any other city. It is still supposed that, although young Albert did not take the old gentleman's money, he nevertheless, thro' spite, set fire to his house; but as his father generously forgave him from the very bottom of his heart, and never mentioned the affair, we see no reason why we should not do the same thing. Do we?